JOHN ARTHUR'S

OR THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER

. BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond," Etc., Etc.

weary; beast, the friend of long sunoring, and world-weariness and despair; Death, the rescuer, the sometime comforter—has gone away with empty. arms and refuctant tread, and—Life, flushed, triumphant, seizes his rescued subject and flings her out into the sea of human ives, perchance to alight upon some tiny green islet, or, likelier yet, to buffet about among black waters, or encounter winds and storms, upheld only by a half-wreecked raft or floated by a scarce-sup-

porting spar.

And she is out of danger!

Hedged around about by sorrow, assail ed by temptation, overshadowed by sin.

And, "the danger is over!"

Buffeted by the waves of adversity: Buffeted by the waves of adversity; longing for things out of reach; running after ignis fatui, with eager, out-stretched hands, and careless, hurrying feet, among pitfalls and snares. And, out of

Open your eyes, Madeline Payne; lift up your voice in thanksgiving; you have come back to the world. Back where the sun shines and the dew falls: where the ers are shedding their perfume and birds are making glad music; when men make merry and women smile; where gold shapes itself into pale? and ame wreather crowns for fair and noble brows; where beauty crowp. Alcovator kisses the lips of bauty. where the rivers sparkle in the sunlight, and, sometimes, yield up from their em-brace cold, dripping, dead things, that yet bear the semblance of your kind—all that is left of beings that were once like

Out of danger! Where want, and poverty, and—God help us!—vice, hide their heads in dim alleys and under smoky garret roofs. Where beaten mothers and starving when being enshrined in a crust of bread. Where thieves mount upwards on ladders beaten from pilfered gold, and command cities and sway nations. Where wantonness laughs and thrives in gilded cages,

have cast you back upon the shores of the living. You are "out of danger?" What was to become of Madeline, now that they had brought her back to life?

It could be solved and found occupation for their k ndliness in ministering to her needs of the present.

Once during her illness, and just as the light of reason had returned to the lovely hazel eyes, Lucian Davlin came But he found the door of the sick chamber closely shut and closely guarded. The lightest shock to her perces would be ber dosely shut and closely guarded. The first man, the fitter pistor tent had a rin. slightest shock to her nerves would be fitted upon him the wounded arin. fatal now—they told him. And he, From its mouth he drew a scrap of paper, fond of the sight of pain and pallor, weaponst yielded with a graceful simulation of re-luctance. Having been assured that, with careful nursing, there was nothing 'to fear, he deposited a cheque on his bankers in the hands of her attendants,

thought and study. So Olive has been careful to avoid all topics that might bring her troubles too vividly to mind. But, partly to divert Madeline's mind from her own woes, partly to enable the unfortunate girl to feel less a stranger among them, she has talked to her of Doctor Vaughan, of her sister, and at last of herself.

And Madeline has listened to her description of merry, lovely Claire Keith.

Bonnie Claire was thinking of anything but Clarence Vaughan just then. Presently she turned a bright glance upon her companion, who was gathering clusters of the fallen maple leaves, with face half averted.

"A kiss for your thoughts, beautiful, blond Madeline. I certainly think it is ten minutes since Doctor Vaughan despression of the fallen maple leaves, with face half averted.

"A kiss for your thoughts, beautiful, blond Madeline. I certainly think it is ten minutes since Doctor Vaughan despression of the fallen maple leaves, with face half averted.

"A kiss for your thoughts, beautiful, blond Madeline. I certainly think it is ten minutes since Doctor Vaughan developed the soft of the fallen maple leaves, with face half averted.

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"A kiss for your thoughts, beautiful, blond Madeline." I certainly think it is ten minutes since Doctor Vaughan developed the minutes and the minut

stand courage of heart, that the girl could not then realize.

Henry, too, black of skin, warm of heart; who waited in the outer court, and seemed to allow himself full and free respiration only when the girl was pronounced out of danger.

Out of danger! What a misapplication of words!

From the scene of conflict, at the last flutter of Death's gloomy mantle, comes the man of medicine; watch in hand, boots a tip-toe, face grave but triumphant. His voice bids a subdued farewell to the scale of solemnities, as it announces to the eager, trembling, waiting ones,

"The danger is past!"

"Death, the calim, the restful, the never weary; Doath, the friend of long suffering, and world-weariness and despair; Death, the resouer, the sometime comforter—has gone away with empty arms and reluctant tread, and—Life, flushed,

who called, that he was out of town."
"The wretch! He deserves death!"
Madeline's eyes blazed, and she lifted
her head with some of her olden energy. "Softly, my dear: "Thou shalt do no murder."
"It is not murder to kill a human

Olive made no answer.
"Is she still very ill, this girl?" questioned Madeline.
"She can not recover." "Shall I see her?"

Another long pause; then Madeline glanced up at her friend, and said list-lessly: "Whet do you intend to do with me?"

me?'
"Do with you?" smiling at her.
"Make you well again, and then try and
coar you to be my other sister. Don't
you think I need one?"
No answer.
"Life has much in store for you yet,
Madaline." "Yes;" bitterly again.

'You are so young.'
And so old." "Madeline, you are too young omber thoughts and repining." "I shall not repine." "Good! You will try to forget?" 'No; not impossible.'

"Madeline, you will do nothing rash?
You will trust me, and confide in me?"
The girl raised her eyes slowly, in surprise. "I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose one." "Thank you, dear; then we will let the subject drop until we are stronger. And here is the carriage, and Doctor Yaughan."
Out into the sunny summer morning

ness laughs and thrives in gilded eages, and starves and dies in moldy cellars.

Out of danger!

Miadeline, the place that was almost yours, in the land of the unknowable, is given to another. The waters of death bave cust you back upon the shores of And Lucian?

termed it, and not being in any way

CHAPTER X.-BONNIE, BEWITCH-

ING. CLAIRE.

Four months. We find Madeline standing in the late autumn sunset, "clothed and to the web they were weaving, little dreaming whose hands would take up the thread and continue and complete what they had thus begun.

And now the day has come for Madeline to leave the shelter that she hates. Pale and weak, she sits in the great easy toen herself and here. And now the day has come for Madeline to leave the shelter that she hates. Pale and weak, she sits in the great easy chair that had served as a barrier between herself and her enemy, and converses with Olive Girard while they await the arrival of Clarence Vaughan, who is to take them from the place so distasteful to all three.

It had been settled that, for the present, Madeline will be the guest of Olive. What will come after health and strength are fully restored, they have not discussed much. Olive Girard and Doctor Vaughan had agreed that all thoughts of the future must bring a grief and care with them, and the mind of the invalid was in no condition for painful thought and study. So Olive has been careful to avoid all topics that might bring her troubles too vividly to mind. at the trees on either hand in all their October magnificence of searlet and brown and gold, hair concealing coquettish villas and more stately residences.

The eyes of Madeline were turned away

parted and sheate the comShe bent down, and taking her companion's head between two dimpled
hands, pulled it back, until she could
look into the solemn brown eyes.
"Come now," coaxingly, "what were
"Come now," coaxingly, "what were
Olive Girard had been absent a week;
"Come on a journey, sacred to her as any

"Can't 1? We will see. My dear, I fear you have left a little corner of your neart behind you in far-away Balti-more. You didn't come to pay_your an-nual visit to your sister quite heart free. Anyone wishing to gain an insight into the character of Claire Keith might have taken a long step in that direction could be have witnessed her reception of this unexpected shot. She opened her dark eyes in comic amaze ment, and dropping into a garden chair, exclaimed, with a look of frank inquiry:
"Now, however could you guess that?"
"Because," said Madeline, in a constrained voice, and with all the laughter fading from her eyes; "Because, I know the aymptoms."

wrose leve dram has passed away and looked a control of strongth and hope, straight into the control of strongth and hope and hop

Olive to abandon both husband and home, and return to his protection. This, true-hearted Olive refused to do. Her step-father, enraged at her obstinacy in clinging to a man who had been for-saken by all the world beside, bade her choose between them. Either she must let the law finish its work of breaking Philip Girard's heart by setting her free, or she must accept the consequences remaining the wife of a criminal.

Olive chose the latter, and thence forth remained in her own lonely home. never even once visiting the place of her

"He called my husband a criminal." she said, "and I will never cross he threshold until he has had cause ion of visiting her sister whenever she shose, and she succeeded, in part, in earrying out her will, for every year she sed two months or more with Olive What a picture the two girls now made, standing face to face. Madeline, with her lithe grace of form, her pure pale complexion lit up by those fathour mouth, with its satellite dimples; with such wee, white, blue-veined hands, and such a clear, ringing, yet marvellously sweet, voice. Madeline was very beau tiful, and Claire, as she looked at her wondered how any man could bear to lose such loveliness, or have the heart t

betray it; as if ever pure woman coul-fathom the depth of a bad man's wicked Bonnie, bewitching Claire! Nov was contrast more perfect. A searf, lik-scarlet flame, flung about her shoulder-set off the richness of her clear, bruncit skin, through which the crimson blood flamed in cheek and lip. Eyes, now black, now gray, changing, flashing, to the rounded, supple waist in gless waves. Not so tall as Madeline, and rounded and dimpled as a Hebe. Bringing her will into service, Made

line bantshed the gloom from her face and said, with an attempt at gayety: Late in the afternoon of the day that saw Madeline depart from his e egant rooms, Mr. Davlin arrived, and found no This was a question which occurred to the two who so kindly interested themselves in the fate of the unknown and hencatrong girl.

While they planned a little, as was only natural, yet they knew from what they had seen of their charge that, decide for her how they would, only so far as that decision corresponded with her own inclinations would she sabide by it. So they left Madeline's future for Madeline to decide, and found occupation for their kndliness in ministering to her needs of the present.

Once during her illness, and just as the light of reason had returned to the

away, to return quickly bearing in her hand a finely wrought cabinet photo-graph, encased in velevt and gilt, a le souvenir. Placing it in her compan-ion's hand, she sat down with a little

triumphant sigh, and gazed over Made line's shoulder with a proud, glad look "Blond?" suggested Madeline.
"Yes," eagerly; "such lovely hair and whiskers—perfect gold color; and fair as a woman."

"So I should judge," and she continued to gaze.

Blond he was, certainly; hair thrown

carelessly back from a brow broad and white; eyes, light, but with an expres-sion that puzzled the gazer, "Eyes—what colory" she said, without taking her own off the picture.
"Blue; pale blue, but capable of such varying expression."
"Just so," dryly; "they look mild and saintly here, but I think those eyes are "Eyes-what color?" she said, without

us hope he is equally good."
"He is; I know it," asserted Clairc. Then she told her companion how she had met him at the house of a friend; how he was very learned and scientific; very grave and dignified and very devot ed to herself. And how, beyond these few facts, she knew little, if anything, of her blond hero, Edward Pergy. Madeline recived this information in a

And Madeline has listened to her description of merry, lovely Claire Keith, and wondered what she could have in common with this buoyant, care-free girl, who was evidently her sister's idol. Yet she found herself thinking often of Olive's beautiful sister. Once, in the absence of Olive's beautiful sister. Once, in the absence of Olive, she had said to Doctor Vaughan:

"Mrs. Girard has told me of her sister; is she very lovely? And do you know her well?"

"She is very fair, and sweet, and good. You will love her when you know her, and I think you will be friends."

"But had not needed this; the tell-tale to was not, ase she had at first supposed, Olive Girard, but the younger sister whom Clarence Yeughan loved.

"I might have known, she murmured to herself. Olive Girard has the face of

Claire found herself in her chamber gasing at her lover's pictured face, and thinking how good, how noble, it was, and what a little goose she had been to allow anything Madeline had said to apply to him. A sudden thought occurred to her, and going to Madeline's door, she tapped gently. The door opened, and Claire, raising a warning finger, said:

"Madeline, I forgot to tell you that Olive knows nothing of Edward Percy, and elime, I forgot to tell you that Olive knows nothing of Edward Percy, and I shall know it whe Edward Percy, and I shall know it whe lise it again."

The sun was not high in the heaven and define was astir, for her nature was said; for her nature was astir, for her nature and the same is not an uncommon one, and it may be only a cuit of the common one, and

of sweet confidence, gayety and trustful-ness. She re-perused his last letter, said her prayers, or rather read them, for Claire was a staunch little church-woman, and then slept and dreamed

CHAPTER XL-A GLEAM OF LIGHT. A few moments after Claire's door had A few moments after Claire's door had closed for the last time, Madeline came cautiously from her room, her slippered feet making no sound on the softly carpeted floor. Passing Claire's door, she paused before another, opened it gently, and stood in Olive Girard's bed-chamber.

from her; I thought you might want to see it."

"Right, Henry," said the girl, quietly as she opened the letter. "You will walt for it?"

"Yes, miss; it must not be missing when he comes."

"Carrainly not."

Evidently she was expected, for a light was burning softly and Olive sat near t with a book in her hand, in an atti-Madeline seated herself at the little I am in a fine predicament—have made a startling discovery. Mr. A— has been since you too tired for a long talk?"

"No; tell me all that has happened since there have a startling discovery. Mr. A— has been since the mischief is to pay; and his sickness has brought some ugly facts to light.

The old man is not the sole proprietor.

I have been absent."

"Olive, I must go away; back to Bellair, "said Madeline, abruptly,
"Madeline, you are mad! To Bellair?
Why, he is there often now."
"He will not find me out, never fear. I must go to Bellair, within the week."
Olive leaned forward and scanned the "He will not find me out, never fear. I must go to Bellair, within the week."
Olive leaned forward and scanned the girl's face closely and long. At last she said: "Madeline, what is it you medi-"Going back to Bellair; keeping an

eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Arthur; finding out what game that man and woman are playing there; and baffling and punishing them all." She had been kept informed, through Henry, into whose hands had fallen a letter in Cora's handwriting, bearing the Bellair postmark, and addressed to Lucian Davlin, who, so Henry said, "went down, on and off," and always appeared satisfied with the result of his journey. Olive agrued long against this resolution, but found it impossible to dissuade

tion of a time when I could be avenged and this time and I must bring about All through my convalescence I have pondered how I could best avenge my mother's wrongs, and my own. Now Providence has thrown together the two men who are my enemies; why, 'I do not yet know, but perhaps it is that I may make the one a weapon against the other. And now I want to ask you some ques-

"Ask, then." "I shall touch upon a painful subject, and I will tell you why. After you went away, the story of your sorrow remained away, the story of your sorrow remained with me. So I thought the ground all over, and formed some conclusions. Do you wish to hear them?"

Olive nodded, wearlly,

"You have told me," said Madeline,

assuming a calm, business-like tone, "that Lucian Davin testified against your husband at his trial. Now the wounded man, Percy, stated that he recognized the man who struck him?"

"Yes." "Well. what was Davlin's testimony?"

"Well, what was Daviln's testimony?"

"That he saw my husband stealing in the direction of the place where the wounded man was found, but a few moments before he was struck, wearing the same hat and hunting jacket that the injured man testified was worn by his would he assassin." would-be assassin."
"Oh!" Madeline knitted her brows in thought a moment; then—"Was the coat and hat Mr. Girard's?"

"Yes; he had thrown them off in the and had fallen asleep. When he awoke he heard them calling him to supper. It was late in the evening when he remembered his coat and hat, and went back to look for them. He went just at the time when the man must have been struck, and his absence told against him in the middner. in the evidence."
"Did he find his garments?"
"No; they were found by others, not where he had left them, but nearer the

scene of the crime."
"Ah! And who was the first to disover the injured man?"

"Why, I believe it was Mr. Davlin."
Ollve looked more and more surprised at each question. "Why do you ask these things, Madeline?" The girl made a gesture of impatience.
"Wait," she said, "I will explain in good time." Again she considered.
"Was there any ill-feeling between your bushend and Dayling." husband and Davlin?"

"There was no open misunderstanding, but I know there was mutual dislike, Philip saw that Davlin was making systematic efforts to win money from the party, and had, therefore, persuaded one or two of his friends to give gaming litthe countenance. No doubt he kept money out of the man's pocket." "And what was the standing of that "And what was the standing of that man and the victim, this Percy?"

"They were much together, and Philip tells me that he had sometimes fancied that Davlin held some power over Percy. Davlin had won largely from him, and the man seemed much annoyed, but paid over the money without demur."

"And now, how did your husband

stand toward the injured man?" stand toward the injured man?"

"That is the worst part of the story. They had had high words only that very day. Philip had been acquainted with Percy at school, and he knew so much that was not in his favor, that he was unable to conceal his real opinion of the man at all times. One day high words arose, and Philip uttered a threat, which was misconstrued, after the attack upon Percy. They said he threatened his life. But Percy knew that only his honor was meant. Davlin knew this, too; must have known it, for he was aware that the two had met before they came together with the party." came together with the party."
"I can not see why Lucian Davlin should be your husband's enemy." "I can understand that he hated Philip for the same reason that a thief hater the light, and Philip had balked his

"True; and yet--"
"And yet?" inquiringly. "Bad as the man is, I can see but one motive that could induce even him to swear away the liberty, almost the life, of a man who never wronged him.
"Still, he did it," said Olive, with a wears sigh.
"True; and he did it for a motive."
"And that motive—" "Was the strongest instinct of the

"What?" eagerly. Self-preservation."
Olive started up with a half cry.
"Madeline, in heaven's name, what de That Lucian Davlin threw suspicion

"That Lucian Davin threw suspicion upon the innocent to screen the guilty," said the girl, in a low, firm tone.
"And the guilty one, then?"
"Himself. Do you think him too good for it?" sneeringly.
"No, no! oh, no! But this I had never thought of wat it may be true." "No, no! oh, no! But this I had never thought of—yet it may be true."

She fell into deep thought; after a time she started up. "I must consult a detective immediately," she said.
"You must do no such thing," cried Madeline, springing to her feet; "why did not the detectives find this out before? Because they have not my reason for hunting that man down. I foun this clue, if it be one. I claim it: it is this clue, if it be one. I claim it my right, and I will have it. It he is to be undone, it shall be by my hands.

They faced each other in silence, Slowly Olive recalled to her counten ance and voice its usual sweet calm, an then scated herself and talked long an earnestly with Madeline. The little bronze clock on the mante was on the stroke of two when the conference ended, and Madeline retired her own room, but not to sleep. See s and thought until the dawn shope in a One link was missing from the chain no motive had been discovered for a attack on Percy by Davlin. "But I will find it," she muttered.

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common one, and it may be only a coincidence. But your face is a bad one, Edward Percy, and I shall know it when I see it again." The sun was not high in the heaven "The sun was not high in the neaveners of the sun was not high in the neaveners of the sun was not high in the neaveners of the sun was such that strong excitement rendered rest impossible. Moving impatiently about the grounds, she saw a familiar form approaching through the shrubbery, and hastened to meet it.

The black visage of Henry beamed the strong the sun was not high in the neaveners was such that strong excitement rendered rest impossible. Moving impatiently about the grounds, she saw a familiar form approaching through the shrubbery, and hastened to meet it. with satisfaction as he made a hurrier obetsance and placed in her hand a letter, saying:

"Master was preparing for a two day's journey when this letter came. He hrew it into his desk, and bade me lock it, and bring him the key. His back was turned, and I took the letter before I locked the desk. It was a long one, an from her; I thought you might want to see it."
"Right, Henry," said the girl, quietly

"Certainly not."
She returned to the letter, and this is what she read: Oakley, October 11. Lucian, Mon Brave:

I am in a fine predicar

have driven her to desperation, for he raved in his delirium of her and her words at parting. They must have been Well, to add to the general interes Miss Arthur, aged fifty or so, is here.
She is a juvenile old maid, who has a fortune in her own right, and so must be cultivated. She dresses like a sixteen year old, and talks like a fool, principally about a certain admirer, a "blond demi-god"—her words—named Percy. Something must be done; things must be talked over. Come down and make love to Miss Arthur. Her money is not

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